

THE LITERARY GAZETTE, OR Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Politics, &c.

NO. XLIII.

SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1817.

PRICE 1s.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

In our last publication we mentioned the great calamity which has befallen the British Empire in the death of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte. We shall now enter into a few of the particulars of a life, which, from this time, takes a melancholy place in History.

The Princess CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA, the only child of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was born in Carleton House, on the 7th of January, 1796. Her Mother, *Carolina Amelia Augusta*, was the second daughter of the Duke of Brunswick and Augusta the eldest sister of his present Majesty. The long period during which the Prince of Wales had remained unmarried, and the disastrous prospects of a broken succession, turned the general eye with peculiar anxiety to the birth of a Royal Heir. The accouchement of the *Princess of Wales* was conducted with the most solemn formalities, the great Officers of State were in attendance, and the ladies of her Royal Highness's court waited on the illness, which at one period seriously threatened her life, and in which, it is said, that she was saved by the intelligent friendship of a distinguished Statesman. The Prince of Wales was present on this interesting and important occasion. The earlier years of the young Princess were spent in probably the most advantageous manner for a constitution naturally infirm, and a mind, which, from all that has transpired of it, seems to have been vigorous, original, and fond of acquirement. Her first years were spent with her mother, who appeared to take a peculiar interest in this promising and noble child. At a more advanced period she was put under the immediate superintendence of *Lady De Clifford*. The Bishop of Exeter was nominated to direct her studies, and a sub-preceptor was also chosen among the English clergy. Those studies were urged with singular assiduity. Those who look upon Royal life as unmixed indulgence, may be surprised to know, that with the Heir-apparent of England, the day's tuition generally began at six in the morning, and continued, with slight intermission, till evening. This labour may have been too severe, and rather devised with a view to the knowledge desirable in the station which she was yet

to fill, than to the health which should have been the first consideration. But her acquirements were certainly of an order much superior to those of females in general society. We have understood that she was acquainted with the principal writers of the classic languages; that she was solidly informed in the history and policy of the European governments, and peculiarly of the constitution and distinguishing features of her native history. She spoke French, German, Italian, and Spanish, with considerable fluency. The lighter accomplishments were not forgotten, and she sang and performed on the piano, the harp, and the guitar, with more than usual skill. Nature had been kind to her in indulging her with tastes which are seldom united; in addition to her talent for music, she had a fine perception of the picturesque in nature; and a portion of her earliest hours, and subsequently of those happier ones which she spent in the society of her husband, were given up to drawing. She wrote gracefully, and had a passionate fondness for the nobler ranks of English poetry.

Those were fine and singular acquisitions; in any place of society, they would have made an admirable woman. And it may be a lesson from her grave, to the youth and rank who turn away from exertion through fear of its difficulty, or through the pride that looks upon their station as exempt from the necessity of knowledge, that this mass of delightful intellectual enjoyment and preparation for the deeper duties of life, was acquired by a girl who died at twenty-two, and that girl heir to the first throne of the world.

As she advanced beyond childhood, she had trials to encounter which exhibited the strength of her resolution. In the painful differences which occurred in the establishment of the Prince of Wales, she took the part of her mother. The question of her sound judgment on this distressing subject, is now beyond discussion. But she took the side to which an affectionate child, equally attached to both parents, would naturally have turned. Even if crime had been distinctly fixed on her mother, she might have adhered to her with the pity that belonged to her sex and early fondness.

Her marriage now excited the public solicitude, and the young Prince of Orange

was selected for her husband. This prince promised well. He had been chiefly educated in England, and was largely acquainted with the habits, spirit, and interests of the nation. He had undergone that more valuable education which seems so necessary to invigorate men intended for the superintendence of kingdoms. He had spent a large share of his life almost in the obscurity of a private person. His family had been exiled from their throne, and sent to be wanderers and dependants upon the precarious bounty of the tottering Powers of the Continent. They had at length been invited into England, the general refuge of fallen royalty, and were subsisted on a public pension. The Prince, after completing his studies at Oxford, set out for the British army in the Peninsula, and made the principal campaigns of the Spanish war as aide-de-camp to the renowned Wellington, the greatest military genius of Europe since the days of Marlborough. This match was finally broken off by some circumstances which have not yet been distinctly explained.

The interference of the Princess of Wales, of the Duchess of Oldenburgh, the difficulty of adjusting the residence of the young bride, and her personal reluctance, all given as grounds, and possibly all combined, put an end to an alliance which seemed to offer a striking combination of public and individual advantages. The usual epochs of high life passed over the Princess without any peculiar effect on her habits. Her birthday was for the first time kept at Court in 1815, on her commencing her twentieth year; and on May the 18th of the same year, she was introduced to the Queen's drawing-room. The assemblage was unusually full; and her sudden appearance in the splendid dress of the Court, glittering with jewels, and with a diamond tiara shaded by the Prince's plume, above a countenance of ingenuousness, animation, and dignity, attracted the universal eye and admiration. The private life of the highest rank seldom transpires in its truth. But the comparative seclusion in which the young Princess passed those years in which the character is formed, gave unusual opportunities of ascertaining her temperament. The anecdotes of her youth all give the same impression of a judgment fond of deciding for itself, of a temper hasty but generous, of a diare-

gard of personal privation, and of a spirit peculiarly, and proudly English. She frequently spoke of Queen Elizabeth as the model for a British Queen; and it has been remarked that in her ample forehead, large blue eye, and steady, stately countenance, there was a strong similitude to the portraits of Elizabeth in the days of her youth and beauty.

In 1814, the Prince *Leopold of Cobourg* visited England. He had distinguished himself in the French war, and came over in the train of the Allied Sovereigns. His graceful manners attracted the young Princess, and he was permitted to become a suitor for the honour of her alliance.

His family were of high distinction among the Saxon Princes. His grandfather was the celebrated Prince of *Cobourg*, who had commanded the Austrian arms against the Turks in the time of Joseph, and subsequently stayed the falling fortunes of the Empire in the Austrian Netherlands against the French. The marriage, an union of free-will rare among the great, was solemnized on the 2d of May, 1816. The favours of the Court were crowded upon the man whose merit had obtained the heart of the general hope of the Royal family. The garter, and a regiment of horse, were given to the Prince. He was made a General in the British service, and was offered the revived Dukedom of *Kendal*. The popular bounty was not less generous, and an annuity of 50,000*l.* a year was, with an ominous provision, settled on him, in case of surviving his wife. The settlement for the married pair was munificent, 50,000*l.* a year, with 60,000*l.* as an outfit; 10,000*l.* a year for the independent use of the Princess, a splendid suit of jewels, and *Claremont* purchased by the nation as their residence.

This offered a happy prospect. The Prince was an amiable and honourable man, and he loved his wife. The Princess increased day by day in fondness for him whom she had chosen from the world. Their time was spent in the happiest enjoyments of active, private life. They were seldom asunder; they rode together, visited the neighbouring cottages and relieved the peasantry together, and seemed made and prepared for the truest and most unchanging happiness of wedded life. They seldom left *Claremont*, and never came to London but on the public occasions which required their presence. But at home they were busy in all the pursuits of diligent and accomplished minds. The morning was chiefly given to exercise and occupation in the open air. After din-

ner, the Prince studied English, or assisted the Princess in her sketches from the surrounding country; the evenings generally closed with music: and thus glided away the hours which, with the inferior multitude of the great, and gay, and profligate, were laying up remorse, and poverty, and shame, for every year to come. We cannot go into the melancholy details of the fatal illness which at once doubly deprived us of a sovereign. They are universally known, and known with the minuteness that deep sorrow demands for its sad satisfaction. Within our memory no public misfortune has stricken so deep. The death of Nelson had its consolations. He was a great spirit released after he had gone his round of glory. He parted upward in the thunder and whirlwind of victory. His grandeur had ascended through all the steps of earthly renown. Like the ancient demigod, building his funeral pile on the mountain, he had completed his labours, before he flung himself into that splendid extinction; he felt the touch of death only to spring upward in an immortality of fame. But this fair and gentle being lived only in promise. Her goodness and beauty, her spirit and public heart, rose upon us like the purple clouds of a summer's dawn, to be suddenly turned to chillness and gloom:—like infancy with its bloom and its softness, to be stricken before our eyes into frightful decay;—like the forms of a delightful dream, leading us through prospects of loveliness and hope, and suddenly sinking into the fresh grave.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Ode to the memory of Her late lamented Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales. 4to. pp. 18.

This is one of the tributes of sympathy which the dread occasion that occupies all minds, at the present moment, has called forth. It is designated as "a sincere burst of feeling," and seems to be what it professes. We are sorry we cannot say more for it; but there are slips which even haste and the carelessness of grief can hardly excuse. The verse is irregular, as perhaps is best calculated to express the stronger emotions; but there is too much personification, and several grammatical inaccuracies: the following is a favourable specimen.

For, sympathy the soul has bound

In universal woe:—

The haughty, meek, obscure, renowned,

One face of feeling show.

The matron, while her sorrows flow

With intermittent sigh,

Bewails a mother thus should go,

On giving birth to vanished joy!

And maiden beauty there is seen
To dread the troth she gave—
And weep how short a space between
The altar and the grave!—

At length, they gain that dark abode,
Where weary pilgrims rest—
Whence Purity ascends to God,
And Innocence is blest!

A LETTER respectfully addressed to both Houses of Parliament, on the importance of legislative interference, to prevent the possible Succession of the Family of Buonaparte to the crown of these realms. By an Attorney of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench.

We were at a loss on reading this pamphlet, to divine whether it was a well-meant but ill-advised production; or one whose intent was to nourish, under the plea of condemning, one of the grossest bubbles of the present hour. We could not tell whether it was the head or the heart of the Attorney that was wrong; but when we came to the end of the twenty-three widely printed pages, to which his argument extends, and looked at the modest price of two shillings *videlicet*, a penny a page, including the title, we were no longer at a loss for a motive.

It seems then that Monsieur Jerome Buonaparte's second wife, (not his first, Miss Patterson, who is still alive) being grand-daughter of Augusta of England, the elder daughter of Frederic Prince of Wales, stands in direct succession to the crown of these realms; followed of course by her infant son Jerome Napoleon, aged three years; at whose imminent prospect of succeeding to the British throne the Attorney of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench is, or pretends to be horribly alarmed. We are not sure whether he wants Parliament to be immediately summoned to pass an act of exclusion, or thinks that measure may be in time to save us after Christmas; but from the haste with which he has himself come forward, we rather imagine he is an enemy to losing time.

There exist at present, and this is our only consolation, these obstacles in the way of the elevation of the Buonaparte dynasty.

Seven sons of the King, of ages from fifty-five to forty-three, and therefore all within the possibility of having, as most of them are likely to have, children.

(Delicacy induces us to offer no speculation on the probability of issue from any of our amiable Princesses.)

One nephew aged 41, and lately married.

In the Brunswick family, three males aged 40; 13, and 12, respectively; and in the Wurtemberg family, the King, aged 36, just long enough married to have a first child born to him; that child;

Paul, the King's brother, aged 32; and three males, and one female branch, aged 10, 9, 7, and 4 years.

If our author had taken the trouble to call at an Insurance Office, where they are in the constant practice of calculating chances of life and of succession, they would have told him that in about thirty years on a moderate computation, the bars between Jerome Napoleon and the British sceptre would be multiplied to an hundred, and in thirty years more to a thousand; increasing in numbers every year to the end of time and of all dynasties, whether legitimate or jacobinical.

The obvious truth is, that there is neither reason nor advantage in agitating this absurd and improbable question, and much indecorum in bringing it forward at the present sad period. Our royal tree has indeed lost one fair and fruitful branch, but, thank Heaven, there are yet many vigorous stems, from which we may look for native Kings, in pure and illustrious succession.

We beg to suggest an epigraph for the next edition of this pamphlet:

"And was, could he help it, a special attorney!"

ZAPOLYA: A Christmas Tale, in two parts: the prelude entitled "The Usurper's Fortune," and the sequel entitled "The Usurper's Fate." By S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq. 8vo. pp. 128.

A walnut-tree the more it is beaten produces the more fruit, and a spaniel mends its manners materially upon castigation: the appearance of the present publication, so speedily after his *Biographia Literaria*, and *Sibylline Leaves*, shews that Mr. Coleridge resembles the walnut-tree, for he fructifies as it were in requital of the belabouring of the critics: as we proceed we shall discover that he also resembles our canine exemplar, and improves under the lash.

Zapolya is an imitation of the Winter's Tale of Shakespeare; the first part being called a prelude instead of an act, so as to approximate the ancient Æschylan model, and reconcile the unity of time in each of two pieces, which could not be reconciled in one, where an interval of twenty years occurs. A *Christmas Tale* is in other respects as near a *Winter's Tale* in its dramatic plan as may be. The characters in the prelude are

Emerick, usurping King of Illyria.

Raas Kiuprili, an Illyrian Chieftain.

Casimir, son of Kiuprili.

Chef Ragozzi, a military commander.

Zapolya, Queen of Illyria.

Kiuprili returning from a triumphant campaign at the summons of King Andreas, finds him dying of poison, his Queen Zapolya treated as a lunatic, and

access debarred to her as well as to the King, and Emerick seating himself upon the throne; having corrupted or deceived the mass of the people, and among the rest Casimir. Kiuprili indignantly brands his son Casimir as a traitor, defies the usurper, and produces a patent from Andreas, appointing Zapolya, Emerick, and himself, co-regents of the kingdom and guardians of the infant heir; he is seized however by the guard, led by his secret friend Ragozzi, whom Emerick supposes he has gained over, but who remains faithful to his patron and commander. Ragozzi favours his flight, and in following him secures also the escape of the Queen and her child.

Perhaps it may be as well to dismiss the literary merits of the prelude with this account of its plot. There is a great disregard to rhythm, but as the author has set up a standard for his own construction of versification, we shall not try him by another which he does not acknowledge. Suffice it to say, that, to our ears, many of the liberties taken seem to destroy every thing like poetry, and to render the lines prosaic and feeble. There is also a strange coinage of new words. We have "to infamize," a verb; and "to voice her claims," as another innovation upon that part of speech; and that the nouns may not complain of being omitted in this enrichment of our language, it is set down that malignant planets "shall shoot their blastments on the land." We hope the fancy will not lay hold of this sonorous substantive; it looks as if it would suit that scientific corps to admiration. We cannot pretend to admire the subjoined argument of Emerick for seizing the crown; the concluding minutiae savour of the bathos, and would only be apt, were Dr. Slop the writer, to close the true liberal cant of the preceding passages.

Conscience, good my Lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,
That a free nation should be handed down,
Like the dull clouds beneath our feet, by chance
And the blind law of lineage? That, whether infant,

Or man matur'd, a wise man or an idiot,
Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance
Of a free people's destiny, should fall out
In the mere lottery of a reckless nature,
Where few the prizes, and the blanks are countless?

Or haply, that a nation's fate should hang
On the bald accident of a midwife's handling
The unclosed sutures of an infant's skull?

But to counterbalance these offences, there are several passages of great beauty and effect: we cite our proofs. When Kiuprili is refused, and cannot gain access to his dying master, he exclaims,

Must I, hag-ridden, pant as in a dream?
Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up
Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I

Strike but for mockery, and with restless beak
Gore my own breast?

The following is also a fine and animated address in endeavouring to reclaim the revolters to their loyalty and duty, at which they murmur.

Have I for this
Bled for your safety, conquered for your honour
Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded
Your thaw-swollen torrents, when the shoudering
ice
Fought with the foe, and stained its jagged points
With gore from wounds, I felt not? Did the
blast

Beat on this body, frost-and-famine numb'd,
Till my hard flesh distinguished not itself
From the insensate mail, its fellow warrior!

Zapolya's description of an incident attending her flight from the palace is also powerfully affecting:

When the loud clamor rose, and all the palace
Emptied itself—(they sought my life, Ragozzi!)
Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way
To the deserted chamber of my lord,—

(Then to the infant.)
And thou didst kiss thy father's lifeless lips,
And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer!
Still clasp'd the signet of thy royalty.
As I removed the seal, the heavy arm
Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger
Seemed pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven!
Lo! I was standing on the secret door,
Which, through a long descent where all sound
perishes,
Led out beyond the palace.

Such passages as these redeem a multitude of errors; but we proceed to part second, which is meanly called "Usurpation ended, or she comes again," and has these additional characters:

Old Bathory, a mountaineer.

Bethlen Bathory, the young Prince Andreas, supposed his son.

Lord Rudolph, a courtier, but friend to the Queen's party.

Laska, steward to Casimir, betrothed to Glycine.

Pestadutz, an assassin, employed by Emerick.

Lady Sarolta, wife of Casimir.

Glycine, orphan daughter of Ragozzi.

Between the Queen's flight, and the civil war which immediately ensued, leaving Emerick the victor, twenty years are supposed to have elapsed. The story of the second part is rather long than complicated. Bethlen, for defending the maidens of his mountains from the rudeness of Casimir's servants, is falsely accused by them to Sarolta in her lord's absence; but she discovers their conspiracy, and dismisses them. In the investigation of the charge the mystery of Bethlen's birth is touched upon, and he learns that he will attain its development in a haunted forest. Here he finds his mother and Kiuprili almost famished,—the evil spirits who have terrified the surrounding country. Where they have been for twenty years is not explained, but they have recently come to the wood, directed by some preternatural dreams. Glycine, the handmaid of Sarolta, who, though be-

trothed to Laska, loves Bethlen, follows him, and becomes also a denizen of the cavern in the wood. Meanwhile the usurper returns, and by the aid of Laska attempts the honour of Sarolta, (the characters of Emerick, Sarolta, and Casimir, being here the Edgar, Elfrida, and Ethelwold of our old English history dramatised), but Bethlen, who has been sent back by his mother, on some idle mission for a particular sword, encounters the ravisher in the lady's chamber, and disarms him. Casimir, whose suspicions have been excited, comes home unexpectedly, but apropos; and the usurper and he mutually lay snares for each other's death on the morrow. The morrow arrives, and with it much hunting, and thunder, and mysticism, and running in and out, and plotting and killing; involution inexplicable and unnatural, which ends to our great comfort, because the play ends with it, in the death of the tyrant, the reconciliation of Kiuprili, and Casimir, the marriage of Bethlen, now king Andreas, and Glycine, and the recognition of Zapolya by the joyful Illyrians.

Of the second part we cannot, in justice, speak so favourably as of the first, which seems to have been struck off in a heat with many happy conceptions, while its successor is more cold, laboured, metaphysical, and uninteresting. Many of the thoughts are far-fetched; the pseudo-humorous scenes rather dull; Glycine's simplicity absolute silliness; and Kiuprili and Zapolya's inspirations occasionally absolute raving. Nor can our industry detect as numerous redeeming beauties as a set-off to this account. We will except, however, the following new and exquisite image of Hope.

Hope draws towards itself
The flame with which it kindles;—
and the following picture, which (addressing Sarolta,) Bethlen draws to himself, on hearing that he was found an infant beside a wounded mother—

Eyes fair as thine
Have gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious;
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers
Have been talk'd to me! But this tongue ne'er
sooth'd
A mother's ear, lisping a mother's name!
O! at how dear a price have I been lov'd,
And no love could return!

It will not, we think, be denied, that some of our quotations bear the true stamp of poetic feeling and genius; that they must leave the mass of mere common-place, and weigh against those cherished abstractions which are scarce rational. And we rejoice to find that fewer lapses of this kind occur in Zapolya

than in the later preceding publications from the same hand: in other words, that the proportion of the good sense to the *slightly* predominates. The metaphysical spirit gets less frequently into the brain, and we are spared the "singularly wild" beauties of Christabel, though there is often hard straining after other sorts of poetic beauties, which refuse to be won: for example; here is a poor conceit for a sublime comparison:

Blest spirits of my parents,
Ye hover o'er me now! Ye shine upon me!
And, like a flower that coils forth from a ruin,
I feel and seek the light, I cannot see!

Now, this is *not* like a flower, not even a sensitive plant! The next is in parts little less absurd, though, there is grandeur about it altogether, and a noble touch of nature at the conclusion.

Bethlen.—What else can I remember, but a
mangled and left to perish?

Sarolta.—Hush, Glycine!
It is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct:
Let it but lift itself to air and sunshine,
And it will find a mirror in the waters,
It now makes boil above it. Check him not!
Bethlen.—O that I were diffused among the
waters

That pierce into the secret-depth of Earth,
And find their way in darkness! Would that I
Could spread myself upon the homeless winds!
And I would seek her! for she is not dead!
She can not die! O pardon, Gracious lady!
You were about to say, that he returned—

Sarolta.—Deep love, the Godlike in us, still
believes

Its object as immortal as itself!

Bethlen.—And found her still—

Sarolta.—Alas! he did return

But she

Had been borne off—

There is a strange mixture in the above. The miserable metaphor of the ground-swell, pushed to its utmost limit, and finding mirrors in sunshine, may well be contrasted with the admirable impatient expression of hope in the son, and Sarolta's fine explication of the principle in the lines we have put in italics. We had noted several passages to illustrate such blame as we have unwillingly attached to the execution of this dramatic poem; but considering it upon the whole as a production evincing high talent, and gladly observing the great predominancy of merits over those defects which we feared would never be eradicated from this gentleman's writings, we refrain from the disagreeable task of copying them. One will suffice:—a girl shooting an assassin with an arrow is thus hyperbolically and incomprehensibly described.

'Twas as a vision blazoned on a cloud
By lightning, shaped into a passionate scheme
Of life and death!

The last lines are sad doggerel, and the first of two songs equally silly, ex. gr.

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted;

And poised there on a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!

He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he troll'd
Within the shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of Amethyst!

And thus he sung: "Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true,
Sweet month of May,
We must away;

Far, far away!
To day! to day!

Having fairly laid before our readers specimens of the excellent and the indifferent in this production, we shall only add, that if they do not, upon these extracts, we think they will, upon the attentive perusal of the work itself, agree with us, that it affords strong presumption of the author's devoting his powers to a less objectionable system than he has hitherto pursued, and is calculated to make those critics pause, who have been unqualified in their condemnation of his poetical attempts, by clearly proving the existence of genius, which may be misdirected, but cannot be denied.

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE in H.M.S. ALCESTE, to the Yellow Sea, along the Coast of Corea, and through its numerous hitherto undiscovered Islands to the Island of Lew-chew; with an Account of her Shipwreck in the Straits of Gaspar. By John M'Leod, surgeon of the Alceste. Svo. pp. 288. (Concluded from our last.)

The Narrative proceeds to detail many more highly interesting particulars of the happy Lew-Chewans, which form a picture resembling the golden age, nearer the realization of that fable than we imagined possible at any period, and still less possible to exist in our own time. Their conduct at the funeral of a seaman who died there, was simple and affecting, and is simply and affectingly related. They burn their own dead, but assisted in burying and erecting a tomb-stone to the British sailor, with every mark of sympathy and respectful sorrow. At another time, when Capt. Maxwell fractured and dislocated his finger, the physicians of Lew-chew attended him with great solicitude. They were allowed to undertake the cure of this accident, under the protecting eye of British surgical skill. Their mode in treating this affair, and other interesting matter, is contained in the pages which we next select.

At the time appointed, one of the Chiefs, with this surgeon, and another more in the character of a physician, and their retinue, some of them bearing a medicine-chest, made their appearance along-side. The injury being again examined, a fowl was killed with much form, and skinned, and a composition of flour and eggs, with some warm ingredients, about the consistence of dough, was put round the fractured part, (which had the effect of retaining it in its position,) and

the whole enclosed in the skin of a fowl. As this fowl appeared to have been sacrificed, its skin being applied to enclose the whole, was most probably meant to act as a charm.

The manual part finished, the physician proceeded to examine the general state of health, and the pulse appeared to be his chief, and indeed only guide, in this respect. The arm was laid bare to the shoulder, and he applied his fingers, with great attention, and with as much solemnity as ever issued from Warwick-lane, to the course of the artery, and at all parts of the arm where he could feel it beat, to ascertain whether it was every where alike; and lest there should be any mistake in this point, the other arm underwent the same investigation; the whole party looking all the while extremely grave. Having now decided as to the medicines necessary on this occasion, his little chest was brought forward, with his pharmacopœia, and a sort of *Clinical Guide*, directing the quantity and quality of the dose.

His chest was extremely neat, its exterior japanned black, and a number of partitions in it, again subdivided, so as to contain about a hundred and eighty different articles, (quite enough, in all conscience, even among the greatest hypochondriacs and drug-swallowers); but they were fortunately all simple, being a collection of wood shavings, roots, seeds, and dried flowers, of his own country. There appeared also some ginseng, a product of Tartary and Corea, much in vogue in these parts. Small portions of the specified articles were measured out with a silver spatula, and put up in little parcels, and directions were now issued as to the mode of boiling and drinking the decoction. Next day they were highly delighted to hear the good effect of their medicines, though they had never been taken, (as many a poor doctor is cheated by cunning patients); and a new application was brought for the finger, termed a fish-poultice, so composed as to look, and indeed to smell, something like currant-jelly.

Having carried on this scheme for a few days, they were then informed that the finger was so much better as to render their attendance unnecessary any longer; and, as a reward for their services, they were presented with some little articles, and, among others, as an addition to the chest, some spirits of hartshorn, displaying to them its effect on the olfactory organs, with which they were quite astonished and pleased; some spirits of lavender, and oil of mint, they also considered a great acquisition. The physician, more especially, seemed to be a very respectable man, and was treated as such by those about him. Their practice seems to be a good deal derived from the Chinese, for their notion of the circulation of the blood, or rather their having no correct notion about it, is the same. Neither have they any idea of anatomy from actual observation, and, of course, the greater operations cannot be undertaken; one man only was examined by Mr. Rankin, who had lost his arm, and his stump was rather a rude one. Some corn was left with them, which they promised to cultivate; and, fortunately, Captain Hall had some English potatoes, which were likely to be productive, and the mode of planting

them was particularly described. Their fields were extremely neat, and their furrows arranged with much regularity, by a plough of a simple construction, drawn by bulls, assisted occasionally by the use of a hoe; and they practised irrigation in the culture of their rice. A young bull of English breed (though calved on the island,) was presented to the chief authorities by Captain Maxwell, leaving them also a cow, (having two on board,) so that it is possible the next visitors who touch at Lewchew may find a larger, though they cannot find a better, race of cattle.

The mode of dancing of these people may, strictly speaking, be termed *hopping*; for they jump about on one leg only, keeping the other up, and changing occasionally, making a number of extravagant motions, and clapping with their hands, and singing at the same time their dancing song. According to our notions, this was their only ungraceful action. A number of them thus engaged, more especially when joined by the officers, (who must needs acquire their style) formed rather a grotesque assembly. They attempted our mode of country dancing, and managed (considering it was necessary to make use of both feet) tolerably well.

The Lewchews are a very small race of people, the average height of the men not exceeding five feet two inches at the utmost. Almost the whole animal creation here is of diminutive size, but all excellent in their kind. Their bullocks seldom weighed more than 350lbs., but they were plump and well-conditioned, and the beef very fine; their goats and pigs were reduced in the same proportion, their poultry seeming to form the only exception. However small the men might be, they were sturdy, well-built, and athletic. The ladies we had no opportunity of measuring, but they appeared to be of corresponding stature.

These islanders, most probably, originated from Japan or Corea, having a good deal of the Corean lineaments, but rather milder and softened down. They are obviously not of Chinese origin, having nothing whatever of that *drowsy* and elongated eye which peculiarly distinguishes the latter; nor would it seem that the few Chinese and their descendants settled on the island freely mixed with the native Lewchews, the natural features and the natural disposition of the two people being perfectly distinct, and differing in every respect. Neither have they any mixture of Indian blood, being quite as fair as the Southern Europeans; even those who are most exposed being scarcely so swarthy as the same class of society in Spain or Portugal.

The Chinese language is learnt by a few, as the French is in our own country; but the Bonzes, who are also schoolmasters, teach the boys their native language, which is a dialect of the Japanese, and is rather soft and harmonious; and they have nothing of that hesitation in utterance, or appearance of choking, which is observed in the former, often requiring the action of the hands to assist the tongue. The orders and records

* In this respect the Chinese seem to resemble what is said of a Frenchman;—that if his hands are tied, he cannot speak.

of government are in their own, or Japanese character; but they have books in the Chinese language.

They burn the bodies of their dead, and deposit their bones in urns, (at least in our neighbourhood), in natural vaults, or caverns of the rocks along the sea-shore. The graves of the few Chinese residents here are formed in their own style.

Crimes are said to be very unfrequent among them, and they seem to go perfectly unarmed, for we observed no warlike instruments of any description; and our guns, shot, and musketry, appeared to be objects of great wonder to them. It must have been the policy of the Chinese to disarm them; for it appears that, in the first instance, they defended themselves nobly against their attacks, as well as those of the Japanese. Not even a bow or arrow was to be seen; and, when they observed the effect of fowling-pieces in the hands of some of the gentlemen, they begged they might not kill the birds, which they were always glad to see flying about their houses; and if we required them to eat, they would send in their stead an additional quantity of fowls on board every day. An order was immediately issued to desist from this sort of sporting.

The people of Tatau and the north-east islands are reported to have been in possession of books previous to the Chinese attack on Grand Lewchew, and to have been even more polished than in the principal island. Tatau and Ki-ki-ai are said to produce a sort of cedar, termed *kien-mou* by the Chinese, and *iseki* by the inhabitants, which is considered incorruptible, and brings a great price, the columns of the palaces of the grandees being generally formed of it.

A Chief of high rank came on board the *Alceste* on the 24th October, whom his own people saluted by kneeling, clasping their hands before their breasts, and bowing their heads. The next day he gave the strangers a splendid entertainment on shore; and as it was the anniversary of our beloved King's accession, the ships were dressed; royal salutes fired, and every other demonstration of loyal respect shown. The healths of their respective sovereigns were toasted by the British and Lewchewans; presents were interchanged, and at night the most brilliant effect was produced by decking the vessels with a multitude of beautiful lanterns, sent on board for that purpose by the hospitable islanders.

Before our navigators departed, which they did on the 27th October, after a stay of six weeks, a whimsical proposal was made to the boatswain's wife, who had been much on shore, to remain behind, and become the *cara sposa* of some great man, (supposed the king,) with a splendid house, and all manner of finery. Her husband, after a day's deliberation, refused to part with this desired lady.

The sailing of the ships produced a strong demonstration of the benevolent

feelings generated by the friendly intercourse which had taken place.

The period of our departure being now fixed, all the stores were embarked on the evening of the 26th October. The next morning, as the ships unmoored, the Lewchees, as a mark of respect, arrayed themselves in their best apparel, and proceeding to the temple, offered up to their gods a solemn sacrifice, invoking them to protect the *Englees*, to avert every danger, and restore them in safety to their native land! In the manner of this adieu there was an air of sublimity and benevolence combined, by far more touching to the heart than the most refined compliment of a more civilized people. It was the genuine benignity of artless nature, and of primitive innocence. Immediately following this solemnity, our particular friends crowded on board to shake hands, and say, "Farewell!" whilst the tears which many of them shed, evinced the sincerity of their attachment.

Bidding farewell to a race, whose virtues were rendered dearer from the contrast with the Chinese, the Alceste pursued her course by Formosa, the western parts of which have submitted to the yoke of China, and respecting which a note is slipped in, *en passant*, to tell us, that the mode of courtship there is rather odd—the lover declaring himself by hovering about the house of his mistress, and playing upon some instrument—"which signal she answers by coming out to meet him, and settle the matter, provided he is to her taste; should it be otherwise, she takes no notice, the gentleman whistles in vain." Virgil surely had this island in his prophetic view when he wrote,

"*Formosam resonare doces,*
as a lover's canticle.

Returned to Macao and Canton, our tars met with that insolent reception from the Viceroy of Canton, which led to the well-known display of British coolness and valour, when the broadsides of the Alceste tumbled the batteries and lanterns about the ears of the astounded natives, and that ship took her station where it was her duty to be, in spite of the *Mandarins*, or *Mad Marines*, as the sailors nicknamed them. We wish a similar ceremony had been performed on the Pekin side, and then they might have nicknamed the *Ko-tou* also the *Go-to*; a very appropriate title, by the by, as matters turned out. It was a noble trait of Capt. Maxwell's character, that he fired the first gun against the Chinese with his own hand, in order that he might be solely responsible, should they attempt to demand or punish the aggressor.

The proceedings after Lord Amherst's arrival, the sailing and wreck in Gaspar

Road of the frigate, (which deserved to be preserved as a relic for the lesson she gave these slaves,) are too generally known to need our comments.

We shall only notice, that the details of the situation and proceedings of the crew left on the island of Pulo-leaf, struggling against privations the most trying, and peril, from about 600 Malay pirates, the most appalling, for nineteen days, until the return of Mr. Ellis, with succours from Batavia, furnishes one of the most romantic and delightful episodes that we ever read. The amiable point of view in which this history portrays Mr. Ellis, is enough to insure him the esteem, even the affection of strangers.

At Batavia, the re-united voyagers again happily embarked in the *Cæsar*; escaped being destroyed by fire in that ship, touched at the Cape and at St. Helena, where their interview with Buonaparte is described, and at length arrived at Spithead, "from whence," (says our author, with true feeling, schooled by experience,) "we landed once more on our native isle; not merely with the common feeling of happiness, which all mankind naturally enjoy on revisiting the land of their birth, but with those sensations of pride and satisfaction with which every Briton may look around him, in his own country, after having seen all others."

Long as this review is, we must acknowledge that our extracts by no means do full justice to the interest which the Narrative possesses; and we cordially recommend the volume itself to supply our deficiencies. It is adorned with several beautiful coloured prints, has an appendix containing much useful and entertaining information; and though we have ransacked its pages to this extent, we have been so pleased with them, that we are not sure we shall not return to the charge, and lay before our readers one or two curious extracts more, but merely quoting our authority, without further animadversion.

A SERMON preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, before the Lord Mayor, Judges, &c. on Sunday the 8th of June, by the Rev. G. F. BATES, M. A. Chaplain to his Lordship.

This Sermon having attracted more than usual notice, from having been made the subject of a vote of censure in the Common Council of London, after a vote of thanks, declaring it to be "excellent," had passed in the same assembly, with further direction for its being printed, and a copy "sent to every member of

this court, and city officers," we were induced to take it for perusal.

Far be it from us to enter into the windings of the wise Corporation's politics, or to try to reconcile its inconsistencies. For aught we know, both votes might be soundly bottomed, and the profane scriptural debate in the second instance be as innocent of meaning, as the matter-of-course commendations in the first. But it rather appears to us, that both were wrong; for we cannot think that the sermon deserved encomia and propagation, any more than that it should have been raked up a second time for the sake of a party triumph at the expense of decency and religion. The Bible is an indifferent subject for jest, and merriment, and ludicrous quotation.

But our business is with the publication rather than with the Corporation; and we must say, that it does display more of politics than a sermon ought to do, or is, in our humble judgment, consistent with the duties of a Christian expounder of the word of God. It might be, that the occasion warranted some allusions to the circumstances of the times, and some advice thereon to the hearers, drawn from the examples of Holy Writ. But this discourse is very nearly all political, and, what is worse still, of the harshest kind. The severity of justice may be necessary, but surely the pulpit is not the place to enforce it. Mercy is the attribute most congenial to that place, and the doctrine of universal peace and good-will better adapted to its character than the denunciation of mortal punishments. The text will show the nature of the discourse, as all the inferences drawn from it are sterily correct.

"Whosoever will not do the law of thy God, and the law of the king, let judgment be executed speedily upon him, whether it be unto death or to banishment, or to confiscation of goods, or to imprisonment." Exra vii. 26.

To the very letter of this heavy sentence did the Lord Mayor's Chaplain adhere: Alas! Alas! Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once; And he that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy.

We are of the Poet's religion, rather than of the Priest's. We know that crime must be visited condignly; but the best feeling of man is compassion for his erring fellow-creature, and the best precept of the disciples of Him that might the vantage best have took, is to temper the exposition of the law with the meek spirit of the lawgiver. We have no difference with Mr. Bates in doctrinal points; but this we will freely and candidly say, a minister of the gospel is among the last who ought (in our opi-

nion,) to urge an unmitigated, unrelenting, and unforgiving view of human offences. It is true, that conscience must dictate to such a man what he ought to do, and we are convinced that the preacher of this Sermon deemed it a sacred obligation to stand forth, at no common era of confusion and danger, as the advocate of judgment on the offending: but it was an unamiable duty, and we do trust, that whenever it may occur as needful, which Heaven forbid should often happen, there may be somewhat more of tenderness, something more of piety breathed into every political address which the nature of the times may ask from the pulpit. The Head of our religion never preached intolerance or vengeance; let us imitate him, rather than the Prophets of the Old Testament, who combined the offices of legislators and teachers of morality, and whose tenets in the former character do not always offer the most advisable rule for the governance of modern nations.

EVENING HOURS; a collection of Original Poems. 18mo. pp. 128.

These Poems, we are given to understand, are "the effusions of leisure hours, and composed between the ages of fifteen and nineteen:" the models proposed by the author for himself are those of what was called our Augustan age, the era of Pope, before the newer schools started up to contest the palm. As the productions of youth, they are entitled to much indulgence, and it may appear somewhat paradoxical in us to say, that we wish they had stood in need of more. The truth is, as it appears to us, that they are too correct. The versification would do no discredit to a veteran poet; there is a maturity and good sense about the thoughts, a judgment, a skill in the art, and a sober fire throughout, which we could have well pardoned seeing exchanged for greater irregularities and more prominent faults. Yet it would be harsh to condemn a young man for writing too much like one of experienced years, especially when, as in the present case, there is much general talent and considerable genius displayed. We know how sweet encouragement is to the youthful bard, and though we cannot devote our space to analyze this volume, we trust the writer will be satisfied with the assurance which we can honestly give him, that with all the blemishes in our power to detect, he might solace himself with the acknowledgment that not one of the greatest poets of the present day produced, at the age of nineteen, works more creditable to their names, though, we

would argue from their errors, more fertile in promise of future excellence. Let him, however, vigorously pursue the muse; throw away timidity, and act the ardent lover. Cymon was nothing but an idiot till the full fervour of inspiration took possession of his soul, and he surrendered himself without reserve to the mighty passion which claimed all his energies.

The principal Poems in this volume are an Epistle from Abelard to Eloise; an Ode to Genius; Monody on Chatterton; and Retrospection, a Sketch; the remainder are sonnets and minor pieces. The whole are of a melancholy cast, and this perhaps gives a sameness which might better have been relieved. We subjoin one of the sonnets as a specimen.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

Are these the fragments of the glorious prime
Of that great Empire, mistress of the world,
Who, Queen of Nations, high in air unforled,
Her standard, and outstretched her arm sublime?

Yes! and they mock at all-devouring Time;
For oft, in anger, at yon fane ' he hurled
His iron rod, but prostrate at the shrine
Of the Great Goddess harmlessly it fell,
Till he, struck motionless, as with a spell,
Gazed wildly, and proclaimed the power divine.
Phidias! thou hast immortalized thy name
In these thy handy-works, and they will tell
Loud as ten thousand thunderings thy fame
Wherever truth and beauty deign to dwell.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

INVENTION OF PRINTING, AND ITS EARLIEST PRODUCTIONS.

Volumes XIX. and XX. of the *Biographie Universelle* will, as we have already stated, appear in a few days. We extract and translate from them the following article:—

Gutenberg (called John Gensfleisch of Sulzeloeh), the inventor of printing in Europe, was born at Mentz, in 1400. Only two cities now dispute the honour of having given birth to the typographic art, and both boast of having produced the same artist. Though there is not extant any monument of the art of printing, to which the name of Gutenberg is affixed, yet a well-authenticated tradition, adopted by the two cities, inconceivably bears witness in favor of the individual in question. The family of Gutenberg was noble, and possessed two houses; the one called *Zum Gensfleisch* (House of Goose-flesh), the other, *Zum Gudenberg* (House of Good Mountain). In 1424, Gutenberg proceeded to Strasburg, where, in 1436, he formed a co-partnership with Andrew Dryzehn and some others, in *all his marvellous arts and secrets*. George Dryzehn, on the death of his brother Andrew, insisted on becoming his successor; and, in 1439, instituted a law-suit against Gutenberg, who was condemned to resign to the heirs of the deceased the share he had held in the partnership. The invention of typography was, it appears, among the number of the

marvellous secrets, which brought about the co-partnership. It may therefore be presumed, that the art of printing had its birth in the city of Strasburg, in the year 1436. But we know nothing respecting the early processes and first productions of the art. It is generally believed, that up to the year 1438, Guttenberg made use of moveable wooden characters. But either the derangement of his affairs, or the fear of injuring his credit, prevented him at all times from putting his name to his works; and we are here reduced to mere conjectures. One thing is, however, certain; namely, that Guttenberg was an inhabitant of Strasburg in 1444: but in 1443, he had hired a house at Mentz, where, in 1450, he formed a connection with Faustus. To this partnership is generally attributed the production of the *Biblia Latina*, called the forty-two line Bible, without either date, name of the printer, or the place at which it was printed. This work was, however, the occasion of law-suits between the two partners. Faustus demanded a re-imbursement of the considerable sums which he had advanced, and, in 1455, Guttenberg was compelled to resign the establishment to Faustus, who carried it on in company with Schoiffer. In the year following, Guttenberg, assisted by Conrad Humery, a Syndic of Mentz, established another press in that city. From this press, doubtless issued the work entitled, *Hermann de Saldis speculum sacerdotum*, sixteen sheets quarto; neither date nor printer's name are attached to it, though it bears the name of the city of Mentz; it is printed in characters different from those which belonged to the other presses of Mentz. Such is the opinion of M. Von Prael concerning this volume, and it may safely be adopted. M. G. Fischer, who published an *Essay on the typographic monuments of J. Gutenberg* (Mentz, year X, in quarto), attributed to Guttenberg the printing of ten works, among which are four editions of the Donat. But since the publication of M. Fischer's work, a sheet belonging to one of these Donats has been discovered, which bears the name of *Peter of Gernsheim* (Schoiffer); a circumstance which authorises us in attributing to this same Schoiffer, all the works which are executed with corresponding characters. But these characters, which are the same as those of the *Biblia Latina*, having first belonged to Guttenberg and Faustus, and afterwards to Faustus and Schoiffer, it is extremely difficult to allot to each their share of the impressions. It is remarkable, that the names of the inventors of the two most celebrated discoveries of the fifteenth century, are not attached to their productions. The Psalter of 1457, of which the priority of date is indisputable, bears only the names of Faustus and Schoiffer, though it cannot possibly have been the first production of the art. During the four last centuries, printing characters have received a more elegant form (perhaps one which is less favourable to the eye); but in every other respect, the Psalter of 1457 is doubtless a masterpiece. It must have been preceded by long experiments; and here the efforts of Guttenberg cannot be disputed. There is reason to believe, that in the in-

* The Parthenon.

fancy of the art, more than eighteen months must have been spent in the printing of this Psalter, an interval which brings us back to a period previous to the separation of Gutenberg and Faust. Palmer, in his History of Printing, (in English) mentions a book entitled, *Liber Dialogorum Gregorii*, the subscription of which he gives in the following terms: "*Presens hoc opus (opus) factum est per Johan. Gutenbergium apud urgentinam anno millesimo ccccclviii.*" David Clement, on the authority of Palmer, mentions this volume in the preface to his *curious Bible*, page 16; and again in vol. iv, page 70; and vol. ix, pages 275 and 276. In the latter instance he, however, acknowledges having too readily placed faith in Palmer, and regards the subscription which he quotes as a *matter of doubt*. This subscription is now known to have been printed after the work, and is said to have been done at Oxford. In 1458, Gutenberg established his second printing press at Mentz, where he continued to print until 1465, when he was appointed Gentleman of the Household to the Elector Adolphus of Nassau. He died three years afterwards, on the 24th of February, 1468. Much has been written concerning Gutenberg and his invention. Several particulars, however, still remain in obscurity; and it would now perhaps be difficult to imagine any new hypothesis. All the various investigations and discoveries hitherto made, are insufficient to clear up the doubts which have arisen. It is probable, that in proportion as we remove from the period at which printing was invented, we shall meet with no monuments hitherto undiscovered which might serve as authorities. In addition to the work of M. Fischer, before referred to, it is sufficient to mention:

I. *Monumenta typographica quæ artis hujus præstantissima originem, laudem et abusus posteris produnt, instaurata studio et labore J. C. Wolfii.* Hamburg, 1740, two parts, octavo, containing forty-four complete works relative to the origin of printing, and three hundred quotations from different authors on the same subject.

II. *Essai d'Annales de la Vie de J. Gutenberg, inventeur de la typographie, par J. J. Oberlin.* Strasburg, 1801, in octavo. This work contains references to several others, of which it gives summaries.

III. *Biblioteca Mogantina, libris sæculo primo typographico Mogantiæ impressis, instructa a Stephano Alexandro Würdwein episcopo heliopolensi, 1787, quarto.*

IV. *J. D. Schapflin vindicia typographica, 1760, quarto.*

V. *Analyse des opinions diverses sur l'origine de l'imprimerie, par M. Daunou, 1803, quarto.*

VI. *Origine de l'imprimerie, d'après les titres authentiques, l'opinion de M. Daunou, et celle de M. Von Prael, par Lambinet, (deuxième édition), 1810, 2 vol. in 8vo. dans lesquels est ré-imprimé l'ouvrage de M. Daunou.*

VII. *Initia typographica, illustravit J. Fr. Lichtenberger, 1811, quarto.* The author has published a sequel to this work, under the following title: *Indulgentiarum literas Nicolai Quinti P. M. pro regno Cypri impressas anno 1454; matricumque epocham vindicavit, initia typograph. supplevit, 1815, quarto.*

FINE ARTS.

DAVID'S CUPID AND PSYCHE.

(From Paris.)

A few amateurs have recently obtained permission to view M. David's picture of *Psyche*.

This new production of the celebrated artist possesses merit of the first order. Skill and grace are the chief characteristics of the composition.

Psyche, voluptuously stretched on an antique bed, is sleeping in the arms of Love. The beams of Aurora, which already gild the summits of the distant hills, warn the young god that it is time to quit his lovely mistress. He rises from the bed with the utmost caution, lest his motion should disturb the slumber of the innocent *Psyche*.

In this picture the habitual style of the artist is not recognizable at the first glance. Hitherto M. David has perhaps been too inattentive to colouring, and has devoted himself to the production of figures of the grand style. His Cupid, though exquisitely formed, possesses no ideal beauty, and there is even an expression of vulgarity in the countenance: the arms are too long and thin, there is little luxuriance in the colouring of the hair, and the shades of the neck approximate too nearly to black. But though M. David may have lost some portion of his taste for the antique and the grandiose of form, he has certainly improved in other particulars, which are not less important to the art of painting; we allude to truth of expression and force of colouring. His *Psyche* is designed with exquisite grace, and may be compared to the most beautiful of Titian's Venuses for elegance of contour and truth of colouring in the flesh. The picture altogether reminds the observer of the vigorous touch of Caravaggio.

At the bottom of the picture are inscribed, in large characters, the name of the artist and that of the city of Brussels.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE ASHANTEE AFRICAN NATION.

We are indebted to a friendly Correspondent for some very interesting particulars relative to the King, Capital, and People of Ashantee, an extensive and powerful kingdom in the interior of Africa; as an introduction to which, it may be proper to premise, that the late contest detailed in all the newspapers, which brought the contending armies of the Fantees and Ashantees (the rival nations of the Gold Coast), down to our settlement at Cape Coast Castle, and for some time threatened the safety of that establishment, led to a mission to the monarch of the latter country, which may ultimately prove very beneficial to the British interests, and open a new route for the prosecution of discoveries in the interior of Africa. The judicious measures of defence adopted by the Governor, and the well-supported neutrality of the settlement, had impressed the conflicting parties with sentiments of high respect for the superior discipline, and other advantages of civilization, which they witnessed; and on the termination of the contest, the victorious Ashantees, in the name of their Prince,

expressed their ardent desire for the immediate establishment of a direct intercourse between their kingdom and Cape Coast, to which the prejudices of the intermediate natives, now reduced to submission, had hitherto opposed the most formidable obstacles. To improve this favourable opportunity, the mission set out, having for its object not only the establishment of commercial intercourse, but also the scientific observation of a country hitherto so little known, and it happily reached Commassie, (or Cummazee, as we have also seen it spelt,) the Ashantee capital, situate about 190 miles from Cape Coast, after a fatiguing journey of many days.

After this explanation of the circumstances, we hasten to lay before our readers those particulars which seem to us peculiarly curious and interesting, being an Extract of a Letter, dated 21st June, 1817, from a gentleman in Africa to his friend in this country, describing their reception at the Court of Ashantee.

"On the entrance of the mission to Commassie, the capital, they were interrupted by an immense crowd. Guards were drawn up, and went through the African evolutions, firing amid music, flags, &c. After stopping about half an hour, they advanced slowly on; but, every few yards, were detained to hear a song, and that muskets might be fired in honour to them; this continued during their progress through the first street, a mile in length. At the corner of the King's residence they made a halt, while the presents intended for him were deposited in a house; and then having proceeded down another long street, they were seated in an open hall, that the people might have a full view of them—the crowd exceeded forty thousand souls.

"In about a quarter of an hour the civil officers of the royal household came to announce his Majesty's pleasure to see them. Mounted on their hammock-poles, they advanced to the market-place, which is near a mile long, and more than half a quarter of a mile in breadth. Here a grand display of banners and large umbrellas greeted their view—each *Caboseer*, (the term for chieftain,) with their wives, children, warriors, slaves, and other retinue round the chief's shade: from the transient glance taken at the moment, it is calculated there must have been three hundred, distinguished by large umbrellas, each of whom commands from five hundred to three thousand men. Around this circle they ran the gauntlet, shaking hands with each chief; every one had his band, and as they saluted, they flourished with horns and other instruments, while fans, muskets, rods, elephants' tails, and the Lord knows what, were waved in air as a mark of respect. When they arrived at any of the princes of the blood, the din was overpowering; what then must it have been when they approached the royal presence? Every thing over which silence did not hold her sway, raised their opposite powers to the full.

"Under an umbrella, on a small eminence, sat the King, surrounded with emblems of power, (all gold,) and his numerous attend-

ants. The scene was splendid—the King, bearing in his person the “majesty of nature,” seems formed to command, plainly dressed in green taffety; a few ornaments round his arms and legs, three simple rows of beads and gold on his head, instead of a crown, with sandals, composed the rest of his costume.

“The circle of Moors ought to be mentioned as not the least magnificent among the objects in this fairy tale; of which I have endeavoured to give you a faint abstract.

“All the African towns are composed principally of clay. The capital is well built, with broad streets, which are kept clean. It is situated in a hollow, surrounded with gently-rising groves of cotton-trees, &c.: and there appears to be a great deal of cultivation around it. Figure to yourself the booths of a country fair, well filled, and you will have a good idea of the market-place. The palace is an enormous range of square court-yards, open halls, and galleries for slaves, altogether enclosed with a well-built wall; the whole white-washed, and more suitable for the state of an African Chief, than St. James’s for the dignity of a British Prince.

“On the second day of their arrival, their spirits were damped by seeing a criminal found guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors in one of the provinces, with his ears cut off, muzzled through the nose, gagged, and otherwise mutilated and tormented. In such a case as this, the King’s sons, at sunrise, begin the work of death. The victim is led about all day till evening, at intervals mangled, and this continued until death releases him from his tortures. The same day a great man was brought out of the palace-gate, and beheaded for cowardice.

“The interior of the country is far superior to the sea-coast, and the inhabitants more civilized.”

The following extract of a letter on the same subject has already found its way into publication through another channel, whence we copy it. It notices several points not touched on by our correspondent, (from whose obliging pen we anticipate further accounts of the manners of the inhabitants, &c.) and fills up the sketch of this remarkable mission. The date is Cummazee, early in June.

“Our journey hither by roads almost impassable, and through wilds seldom traversed (having in our passage through one forest been four days deprived by its impervious foliage of the light of the sun), has been additionally lengthened by the indisposition of one of our party on the road, and our detention within thirty miles of this place a whole week during the deliberation of the King on the propriety of our admission into his capital. We are, however, at length safely arrived within Cummazee, and have scarcely yet recovered from our surprise at the grandeur and decorum which it exhibits. The limits of my time will not permit more than a hasty description of a few of the leading objects which have here arrested our attention. On our entrance into the city, containing a population of 200,000 souls, we

were most graciously received in full state by the King, whom we find a prince liberal in his sentiments, dignified in his deportment, and of a generous disposition. His court is most splendid, and when he appears in state, he is usually attended by 2000 persons: among his numerous attendants, we notice his cook, who is preceded by a massy service of plate. Our reception was highly flattering.—After saluting his majesty, we passed along a line of vast extent, consisting of the caboseers of the countries and towns tributary to Ashantee and their troops, and were then placed beneath a large tree to receive their compliments in return; the whole ceremony of introduction lasting from two to eight o’clock.—Our party has been also honoured with a visit by the mother and sisters of the king; they are women of dignified and affable manners, and appear totally free from that curiosity common to the lower classes of the natives; the easy and elegant manner in which they were ushered in and out of our abode by the captain in waiting, might have raised a blush in many a modern European courtier. A short sketch of the palace and its decorations may not be uninteresting. On our first visit, we waited, according to the custom of the place, a considerable time in one of the outer courts. The buildings consist of a variety of oblong courts and regular squares, the former presenting arcades along one side, some of round arches symmetrically turned, having a skeleton of bamboo; the architraves and bases exuberantly adorned with very bold fan and trellis work of Egyptian character; they have a suite of rooms over them, with small windows of wooden lattice, of intricate but regular carved work, and some with frames of gold. The squares have a large apartment on each side, open in front, with two supporting pillars, which break the view, and give it all the appearance of the proscenium of the stage of the older Italian Theatres; they are lofty and regular, with cornices of a very bold fan work in alto relievo; a drop curtain of curiously plaited cane suspends in front, and in each we observed splendid furniture—such as chairs embossed with gold, stools and couches of rich silk, or scattered regalia. The most ornamented part of the palace is that appropriated for the women,—we have passed through it once. Except two open door-ways, the fronts of some of these apartments are closed by pannels of curious open carving, conveying a striking resemblance at first sight to a florid Gothic screen; one front was entirely closed, and had two curious doors of a low Saxon arch, and strengthened or battened with wood-work, carved in high relief, and painted red. Doors chancing to open as we passed through this quarter of the palace, surprised us with a glimpse of large apartments in corners we could not have imagined—the most secret appearing the most superb. In our daily course through the palace there is always a delay of several minutes before the door separating the squares is opened: the inmost square is the council chamber. To-day, after a delay of nearly an hour (which seems an indispensable ceremony) in the outer

court, where we were amused with a constant variety of parade and bustle, from the passing to and fro of the different dignitaries and their retinue, we were conducted to a large inner court, where the king, encircled by a varied profusion of insignia, even more sumptuous than we had yet witnessed, sat at the end of two long files of counsellors, caboseers, and captains. They were all seated under their umbrellas of scarlet or yellow cloth, silks, shawls, cotton of every glaring variety, and decorated with carved and golden pelicans, panthers, baboons, crescents, &c. on the top; their shape generally that of a dome. Distinct and populous retinues were placed around with gold elephant tails to keep off the flies; gold-headed swords, embossed muskets, and many other splendid novelties, too numerous for insertion. Each chief was supported by the dignitaries of his own province to his right and left, and it was truly conciliatory in concilio. We have observed only one horse here, which is kept by the chief captain, more for state than use, the great people all riding bullocks. The presents from the company to his majesty called forth a surprise, only equalled by his warm and dignified acknowledgment of them: his feelings are evidently more auspicious toward us, and we have only to dread the jealousy of the Moors, many of whom are tributary to this monarch; or the intrigues of other neighbours, more dangerous, as they are more civilized and artful.

MEMOIR

OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF
ALI PACHA, OF IOANNINA.

We continue this narrative from our last Number: it increases in interest as it proceeds.

With all these odious vices, Ali Pacha possesses many splendid qualities, which would do honour to the greatest Princes. A profound knowledge of the human heart preserves him from errors in the choice of his officers, and he knows how to assign to each the place to which he is the best adapted. In business, his penetration gives him a clear insight into the bearings of every case, and he speedily perceives what is the most proper to be done. He knows how to watch for opportunities, to prepare the way for them, and when they arrive, to take instant advantage of them. The courage and intrepidity which he displayed in his youth have not forsaken him in his advanced age. With calm resolution he measures the danger, and either finds means to avoid, or goes boldly to meet it. In the midst of his subjects, who all fear and mostly hate him, he seems entirely regardless of his personal safety, and this apparent security contributes not a little to give it to him in reality. When he goes out, he is generally attended by two pages, a confidant and two soldiers: the fear which his personal courage inspires, and the prevailing conviction, that any enterprise directed against him must fail, account for the few plots against his life which have been matured into actual attempts; and by good fortune he has always been on his guard at the time, so that their

issue necessarily deterred others from similar enterprises.

Ali's government is not only harsh and oppressive in general, but is peculiarly distinguished by cruelties exercised on rich and powerful persons, with the view of seizing on their wealth and authority; so that his rule may justly be called tyrannical. On the other hand, it seems moderate and mild, when we consider the security which the mass of the people enjoy, the religious toleration shewn to the Greeks, and the use which he makes of the services of the latter. The contradiction however is only apparent, and a natural consequence of his situation, and of his political system. The different parts of his dominions do not form a coherent whole, but his object is directed to obtain this coherence by the opinion that all must be united round his person as the centre; therefore, every thing must be subdued which could offer resistance. At least he himself declares this to be the fundamental principle of his conduct.

In order to give an idea of his administration of justice, I will relate some instances. The governor of the little town of Metzovo, was an unjust and covetous man, who in order to enrich himself oppressed the inhabitants. The latter had long before petitioned Ali Pacha to deliver them from their governor. In one of the journeys, which Ali makes from time to time to visit his dominions, he came to Metzovo; the inhabitants crowded round his house, and uttered loud cries. When he heard that they demanded the death of the governor of the town, he sent for the priests, and desired them to exhort the people, not to load themselves with a sin of blood which the death of a fellow citizen would bring down upon them; but as the crowd still persisted in their desire, he immediately gave orders for the execution of the guilty governor, and ordered the people to be told, "That they were answerable for the blood that was shed." To complete the hypocritical scene, he expressed to those about him how happy he was that he was innocent of the death of this man, since he had been compelled to yield to the desire of the people. However, he did not delay to confiscate for his own benefit the whole property of the criminal.

Some years later he was informed that the superintendants of a Canton of Zagora, under the pretence that they were ordered to raise a tax for him of 190,000 piastres, had extorted various sums; he summoned them before him, and made them restore all they had received; but at the same time he compelled them to pay him the 190,000 piastres out of their own pockets, ironically thanking them for having so well considered of his interest. He caused them to be put under arrest till the whole sum should be paid, and they were still in confinement when the author of this notice arrived at Ioannina. He got rid of his nephew also, under the appearance of a strict execution of justice. He knew that this young man, as he had formerly done himself, had undertaken some successful enterprises at the head of a band of robbers. He contrived to entice him without an escort and unarmed into his

palace at Luritza, where he killed him with a pistol shot.

He protects the Greeks because it is for his own interest to treat them well. He has need of them in various branches of the administration, in which he cannot employ the Albanians and will not trust the Turks: he knows too that he can employ the Mussulmen against them whenever he shall find it necessary. But he fears the Greeks because he feels that they hate him, and serve him, only that they may the sooner throw off the Turkish yoke, and that, as soon as they have obtained their independence, they will not give themselves any farther trouble about him. They are to him only the instruments of his own elevation, and he is by no means disposed to make his Albanians subordinate to them. Greeks however constitute his society, and he gives himself the air of speaking the Greek as well as the Albanian, and better than the Turkish; he takes pleasure in attending to their schools, sometimes lets the children say their catechism in his presence, and has consented to the foundation of a Greek University at Ioannina. He has most of the public acts drawn up in the Greek language; carries on his correspondence in it, and does not hesitate to date according to the Christian era.

Ali is particularly careful that the Greeks do not become too powerful, and sedulously avoids confiding to them important posts, especially in the army. Above all, he does not allow them any intercourse with his children, lest they should acquire any considerable influence over them. His son Veli does not cause him any uneasiness on this subject, but this is not the case with Mouctar; and the unfortunate Euphrosyne, the most beautiful and most amiable woman in Ioannina, was the victim of his jealous distrust. Mouctar loved her, and spent a great deal of time with her, in the company of the most distinguished Greeks, who came there with their wives. Ali feared the infection of their principles, and therefore endeavoured secretly to excite the jealousy of Mouctar's wives. One of them, the daughter of a neighbouring vizir, demanded a divorce, and her father supported this demand. Ali made an affair of state of it; he summoned the divan, and caused Euphrosyne, and fifteen other women, her friends, to be declared guilty of seduction. Under this pretence, and a charge of having exposed Ali to the danger of a war with his neighbours, they were sentenced to be drowned. They were arrested during the night, and as no one durst venture, from dread of Mouctar's anger, to lay hands on Euphrosyne, Ali himself went to her house and delivered her to the executioner. He afterwards caused a report to be spread, that if the most considerable inhabitants of the city, and particularly Euphrosyne's uncle, the Bishop of Trikala, had petitioned for their pardon, he would have granted it; but that these Greeks, out of religious hatred, did not desire the deliverance of a woman who was beloved by a Mussulman.

Ali Pacha's divan consists of the chief officers of his household, and other persons chosen by himself, from whom he expects

useful services. But all the proceedings are mere formalities, since no member of this council would venture to express an opinion contrary to that of his master. In every department of the administration, he is his own minister; his prodigious memory enables him to enter into the minutest details, and to regulate the most trifling things; though, according to Turkish custom, he commits nothing to writing, yet nothing escapes him, and none of his ordinances contradict the preceding ones, unless, which very seldom happens, he should have altered his opinion. His indefatigable activity enables him to find time for every thing, so that no business is neglected. But he requires the same activity from his officers and servants, and his rigorous strictness in this respect causes an almost incredible rapidity in the executive measures of the government. In order to obtain the utmost that is possible, he is accustomed to require what is impossible; and, as every body knows that he tolerates no disobedience, and accepts no excuse whatever, fear produces wonders. His usual threat on delivering such commands is this: "*Do what I commanded, or the black serpent shall bite your eyes out.*" The oath of the Sultan, by the beard of the Prophet, is less to be dreaded than these terrible words, which are almost equivalent to a sentence of death.

In his dominions he has established a police, unknown in the rest of Turkey, the object of which is the maintenance of public security, and which does not spare even the professional robbers, (the Klephts, the ancient companions in arms of Ali): this police also penetrates into private houses, observes the conduct of individuals, and gives in reports on their actions, discourses, and views. It keeps the strictest watch over the connexions of the Greeks with Constantinople, and other places. Ali makes himself acquainted with all letters sent from his dominions, without excepting the correspondence of the foreign ministers and agents accredited to him; he respects neither foreign couriers, nor those of his own sovereign; but is at all times ready to lay the blame upon others, and to make a show of giving satisfaction, by hanging some poor devil who is languishing in his prisons. In the year 1807, he caused three couriers to be murdered, (two of whom were French,) upon whom, however, to his great vexation, he found only letters written in cypher. His agents, whom he has every where, and the correspondence of the Greeks in his service, inform him of whatever passes in Europe, and direct his conduct, as he has constantly in view to obtain a support out of Turkey.

The number of palaces, which are the personal property of Ali Pacha, is very great. Some he inherited from his second wife, a rich widow, whom he married to obtain possession of her large property, and soon after shut up in his Harem, where she lived retired, and in a short time died. The rest belonged chiefly to those whom he has put to death, or compelled to fly: some, too, he has had built at his own expense. He is his own architect; and he also chooses the decorations and furniture of his apartments.

Hence comes the strange mixture of magnificence and bad taste, which is conspicuous in all his palaces. Through dark passages you arrive at splendid saloons, where gold, velvet, and embroidery, cover even the floor with lavish magnificence. Gobelin tapestry suspended on poles, here and there supplies the place of doors. Gold embroidery, half an ell broad, and bordered with rich fringe, is sewed to coarse linen. Round the richest saloon are numerous irregular apartments for various purposes: part of them serve as magazines for keeping the most motley collection of articles, the fruits of his extortion and robbery. In 1807, when he judged it necessary to have cannon cast, he delivered for that purpose copper kitchen utensils, of the weight of 600 cwt. from those magazines, of which he himself has the superintendence, and the keys. Whenever he receives a stranger, or takes him into his service, he looks out the linen, pots, and other furniture, which he intends for his use. The number of his women in the numerous harems is between five and six hundred; and effeminate youths, whom he chooses for his companions, frequently become his confidants, and officers of his household.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

* * We have been favoured with so many communications on the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte, that our Journal could not contain one fourth of them. Yet as there is great merit in several, and good feeling in all, we regret the perplexity in which their number involves us. To insert them is out of our power; to reject them is most ungrateful to our minds; and to select from them would be difficult and invidious. Really at a loss what course to adopt, we can only at present intimate the bent of our inclination, which is either to publish the best pieces seriatim as a feature of the Literary Gazette, or hold them at the disposal of their authors for any separate work, which may probably, as on a preceding occasion of the same calamitous kind, be made the medium of collecting into a volume these "*Tears of Britain*."

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Let none but Parents bend to weep
O'er Charlotte's timeless tomb;
Whose life's sole blessings mouldering sleep
In Death's eternal gloom.

Who else can know what 'tis to feel
The world a waste of woe,—
The wound of soul that ne'er can heal,—
The tear that aye must flow!—

While galling Memory presses still
The ghastly void to view,
Repeats the blow, yet does not kill,
And bars each pang anew.

But now—the Infant springs to life;
None with the Maiden vies;
So high, so fixed, no happy Wife;
But now—the Mother dies!

God! such a vision! fleeting,—fled,—
A People weeps to see:—
What solace? soon,—as Charlotte dead,
Shall all her Mourners be.

W. J.—N.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Nov. 8.—On Thursday, October 30, the Rev. Charles Carr, B. A. and Mr. John Watts, B. A. of University College, were elected Fellows of that Society.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 7.—The Rev. William Webb, D. D. Master of Clare Hall, was on Tuesday last elected Vice-Chancellor of this University for the year ensuing.

BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

MEMOIR OF GENERAL KOSCIUSKO.

The life of Kosciusko, connected as it was with great events, will form a history; in the mean time the following sketch may be agreeable.

Men who have defended the laws and independence of their native country, without dishonouring so just a cause by any unworthy action, or political crime, deserve that their memory should receive the homage of public respect at the time the tomb encloses their mortal remains. To mention Kosciusko, is to mention a man who has been honoured even by those Sovereigns, against whom he fought in defence of the legitimate government of his country.

General Thaddeus Kosciusko was descended from a noble Polish family. He received his first education at the military school of Warsaw, and was afterwards sent abroad at the expense of that institution. He then visited France for the first time. Improved by the knowledge he had acquired in his travels, he returned to his native country in the hope of devoting his talent to her service. But the ardour of his passions now threw him out of the career which he was afterwards destined to pursue with so much honour. An adventure, which arose out of the attachment entertained by young Kosciusko for the daughter of the Marechal of Lithuania, compelled him to quit Poland. He proceeded to the United States, where he served with distinction as an Aide-de-Camp under General Washington.

He returned to Europe, and the Diet of Poland, which stood in need of so brave a defender of the national independence, appointed him a Major-General. Kosciusko did not disappoint the hopes of his compatriots. During the war of 1792, he, with four thousand men, defended a post which he had fortified in the space of twenty-four hours, and which was attacked by a corps d'armée of sixteen thousand Russians. After a battle of six hours, near Dubienka, he retreated almost without loss. But it did not depend on him to avert the destiny which awaited his country. Peace was signed, and Poland was reduced to a ridge of territory. Kosciusko having retired from the service, went to fix his residence at Leipzig.

Poland, in spite of her weakness, still continued to struggle with her enemies. Kosciusko was solicited once more to take up arms in the cause of his countrymen, a duty which he was easily prevailed on to fulfil. Inspired by his assistance, several of the most ardent Republicans rose in insurrection in 1794, before they had adopted the necessary measures for maintaining the war.

Kosciusko published an energetic manifesto, placed himself at the head of the insurgents, took Cracow, and being master of this second capital, he appealed to the Poles for the re-establishment of the constitution of 1791. Twenty thousand men assembled under his banners; Warsaw and Wilna declared themselves in favour of the republican cause. He defeated twelve thousand Russians near Raclawitz, with a corps of four thousand men. His success enabled him to raise an army of fifty thousand men, among whom, however, only twenty thousand were regular troops; the remainder being peasantry armed with scythes. With this irregular and undisciplined army, he maintained himself against one hundred thousand enemies during a long campaign. The Prussians besieged Warsaw, which was furnished with only a few hastily constructed entrenchments. Kosciusko defended this position, until the diversion made by Dombrowski and Madalinski induced the Prussian army to retrograde. The Polish general was no sooner rid of the Prussians, than he beheld the approach of a numerous Russian army. The instructions which he had received from Washington now proved of the most essential service to him. He was, like his old general, under the necessity of assisting in every department;—directing the administration of the Republic, procuring supplies of provisions, levying troops, superintending the payment of contributions; and like Washington he was seconded in the performance of these numerous duties, by the confidence and patriotism of his countrymen, that is to say, by the great mass of the Poles; for even amidst the general enthusiasm there were several examples of cowardice and treachery; and Kosciusko may perhaps be reproached for not having adopted measures for obliging all to contribute, even in spite of themselves, towards the general good.

The partisans of anarchy about this time obtained a fatal ascendancy in the Polish councils. King Stanislaus could no longer maintain a crown which had for a length of time been tottering on his head; he was merely a prisoner, for whom some slight sentiments of respect were entertained. Kosciusko, who was invested with an equivocal authority, could neither repress the anarchy, nor dispense with the support of the anarchists. An ill-regulated government was therefore established, and Kosciusko resigned his dictatorial authority, like Cincinnatus, whom he seemed to have adopted as his model. He nevertheless continued to serve his country by his valour. Being attached to the Russian general Fersen, near Macriewitz, he repulsed him on three successive occasions; but on the fourth attack the Polish lines were broken, and thrown into confusion; Kosciusko, covered with wounds, fell from his horse, exclaiming, "*Finis Polonia*," and was made prisoner by the conquerors. This was, in fact, the termination of the Polish republic. Suwaroff took Warsaw, and an Austrian army penetrated to Lublin.

On being conducted to Russia, the brave Kosciusko received the highest testimonials

of esteem from the Emperor Paul I. That Sovereign restored him to liberty as well as his companions in arms, and gave him an estate with 1500 serfs, a present, however, which was but little acceptable to the defender of Poland. He now resolved to quit Europe, and having declined receiving the sum of 12,000 rubles which the Emperor Paul ordered to be presented to him, he departed with his friend, the poet Niemcewicz, for London, from whence he embarked a second time for America. Having spent a few years in the society of his old companions in arms, he returned to Europe in 1798, and fixed his residence in France.

Buonaparte wished to make use of the name of Kosciusko as a means of exciting the Poles to insurrection; but the experienced and skilful General quickly foresaw his designs, and refused to become an accomplice. He continued to reside on an estate which he had purchased in the neighbourhood of Fontainebleau. When the war broke out in 1806, new offers were made to him; and though Kosciusko gave a decided refusal, yet his answer was misrepresented and published without his knowledge. He had no opportunity of publicly discovering this fraud until the year 1814; but the truth was well known throughout Europe, and the government of Buonaparte regarded Kosciusko as a suspected individual. When the Russians entered Champagne, in 1814, they learnt with astonishment that their old enemy was living peaceably in the neighbourhood. The Generals treated him with the highest consideration, and it is even said that the Emperor Alexander held a long interview with him. No consideration however could induce Kosciusko to end his days in Poland; he went to pass the last years of his life in Switzerland.

He expired at Soleure on the 16th of October. "He lived," says the *Gazette de Lausanne*, "in tranquil retirement, where he had become the object of respect and veneration, surrounded by his consoling recollections, a few faithful friends, and the poor to whom he proved a constant benefactor. He expressed a wish that the utmost simplicity might be observed at his funeral, and that his mortal remains might be borne to the grave by the poor."

The following lines, written immediately on seeing an account of the death of this Patriot Soldier have been transmitted to us.

ON THE DEATH OF KOSCIUSKO.

To sigh forth sorrow, from the heart's recess,
O'er one we lov'd with every lovingness,
Is the last tribute from the mourner's eye,
Who weeps the parting of some kindred tie;
Their virtues great, perchance, round where they trod,
And blest and happy in their home's abode;
These, yet in circumscribed space entwined,
But rarely meet man's sympathies combin'd.
But when the soul now hears the mournful knell
On Fame's, on Honour's, Freedom's sacred swell,
The founts of feeling quickly all o'erflow,
And the whole world becomes one field of woe;
Nations record the fall—all earth is gloom,
And the bright name then stamped on memory's tomb!

Lo, Pity largely weeps, and Freedom sighs,
For on his bier pale Kosciusko lies;

He, of Sarmatia, thousand tongues record,
Who for his country raised the brightest sword.
Can Earth's sons have a nobler, loftier aim,
Than to inscribe the records of their fame?
Can Triumph swell a bolder note on high,
Than the bright sounds to immortality?
Can Genius twine a garland for its brow
More fair, more glowing for the world's avow,
Than when the laurels of its fancy wave
To deck the covering of a hero's grave?
The high-ton'd minstrel gave his numbers scope,
And brightest tributes of all-heavenly Hope
Told of thy deeds, (for Genius woke the swell,)
How Kosciusko and Sarmatia fell!
There is thy elegy,—there let it rest;
And Memory's rays entwine it in each breast;
Whilst man takes Freedom's path and honour'd claim,
Thy deeds, thy footsteps be his guide to Fame;
And where on loftiest flight Fame's pinions soar
'Twill tell of Kosciusko, now no more! G. L.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS ON SWEDEN.

BY BARON BURGOING.

LETTER III.

To the Countess of C——.

Stockholm, Sept. 1st, 180*.

To the first stage beyond Gottenburg, notwithstanding the multitude of rocks, the country is very pleasant. The nearer you approach Cilla-Edet the flatter does the ground become. Occasionally is seen the Gotha-Elf, which flows at the foot of some bare hills, and imparts animation to the landscape through which it passes. We shall soon see it destined to more important objects. You must descend a long steep declivity to arrive at Cilla-Edet, a little village which is situated very pleasantly on the bank of the Gotha-Elf, which we will only call the Gotha, as the Swedish word Elf is nearly the same as river. It forms here a very picturesque and rapid waterfall, which turns a dozen saw-mills. On the other side of the Gotha, placed on an eminence, stands the beautiful Castle of Holm, surrounded by thick woods, which furnish employment for the neighbouring mills. Here, in the middle of his estate, lives Mr. Maclean, a Swedish nobleman, and as amiable a man, as he is a skilful agriculturist. He is married to the Countess Ribbing, mother of the noted Count of that name. Both are very hospitable. The next stage, which extends to Foerst, between rocks and pine-trees, has four or five steep places. The village of Foerst itself is situated on a bare eminence, but beyond it woods and rocks again predominate. Only the noise of some fountains disturbs the quietness of the pine woods, washed by little lakes, through which you reach Gaddebeck. From that to Trolloetta it is only a (German) mile.

At Trolloetta, which has of late become so celebrated, you arrive, after many turnings, through wild landscape, where the carriage often passes over solid rocks. The canal, called by the name of this village, is worth coming from distant countries to see! During the reign of Gustavus the Third, who wished to immortalize himself in every way, the construction of this canal was seriously debated. The difficulties which at first prevented this enterprize, were at last

overcome by his successor; and the canal which unites the great Wener Lake and the North Sea, was opened on the 13th of Aug. 1800. In order to accomplish the work, it was necessary to lead into it the water of the neighbouring rocks, which rushed out, in three or four openings, with a terrible noise. Polhem and Eckenblatt, appointed by the King to direct the whole undertaking, drew up each a plan. The plans were very expensive in the execution, but in return—they were, as is usually promised in such cases, to lead infallibly to the most favourable results, and—they both failed. The people showed us the excavations which those gentlemen had made in the rocks, evidently to no purpose, which are now called by their names, as other rocks are by the names of shipwrecked mariners. At last the Court, convinced that the undertaking would not succeed, as long as individuals only were engaged in it, entrusted it to a company, who continued it at their own expense, and brought it to a happy conclusion. I once spoke with a citizen of Stockholm about this canal, praised it very much, and said, among other things, that from what I had seen of it, I ventured to pronounce that it did honour to the reign of Gustavus the Fourth.—What? returned the citizen, who was something of a republican, very abruptly, what do you mean by that? Gustavus the Fourth! I say rather the Swedish nation! Very well, said I, but this merit at least cannot be refused to Gustavus the Fourth. Be this as it may, this enterprize is chiefly indebted to a Mr. Norwall, who, hitherto exclusively employed in his iron-foundry, has displayed here extreme ingenuity and ability. Five years' labour, and eight hundred men, taken from three regiments of foot, sufficed for the astonishing work. It was necessary to dig through rocks, 3600 Swedish ells (6810 Rhineland feet), long, and, at one place, 72 Swedish ells (136 Rhineland feet) deep. There are eight locks, which are passed by the vessels in three hours; and the last of which leads the water of the canal into the Gotha. The canal itself is two-and-twenty ells broad and eleven deep. I could not have had a more favourable opportunity of seeing it; it was the anniversary of its opening—as it were its birth-day. From the highest summit of its double dam, I let myself down into the narrow valley, where its imprisoned waters flow, and admired, shuddering, the happy boldness of the man, who in so few years finished an excavation, for which nature, supposing that she had employed all her force in the same direction, would have wanted millions of years.

In Trolloetta, I stopped during the night at an inn, with which travellers, if they are not very difficult, (and whatever country they travel through, they will be badly off if they are so) may be well satisfied. I spent full two hours in the morning in viewing the canal, and the waterfalls which pour into it their foaming torrents. The noise is so stun-

* The vast importance of this canal to the interior trade of the kingdom, is proved by the great numbers of vessels which pass it. In the year 1811, they amounted to no less than 2221.—Von Göchhausen.

ning, that the spectator can only express by dumb show the feelings by which he is overpowered.

My next night's lodging was in Lidkoepping, a town on the Wener lake, which one might call a little sea, as its breadth from the shore where Lidkoepping lies, to the opposite side, where Carlstadt (in Werme-land) is situated, is more than twenty Swedish miles, (120 English) and this is not the greatest breadth. It is the medium of a brisk communication between the two towns. When the wind is at all tolerable, the boats go from one to the other in something less than four-and-twenty hours. Lidkoepping, though it has no more than 1800 inhabitants, occupies a pretty large space. In its little port there is much bustle, as the exports of West-gothland, amounting annually to 5 or 6000 tons, mostly corn, sail from thence to the North shore of the lake. I saw in Lidkoepping, for the first time, houses with very gently-sloping roofs, which looked like meadows ready for mowing. Instead of tiles, they are covered with small pieces of turf, which in time become green, as if they were still attached to their original meadow; what is annually gathered from them is made into hay, and I have since wondered that they have not yet thought of putting some cattle to graze in these pastures in the air! The description of a handsome young Shepherdess sitting on such a roof, and receiving the homage of her Damon standing below, would make a rural picture which would meet my approbation. The idea would at least be new; and I may justly doubt whether it is to be found in Theocritus or Virgil, or in our Gesner.

FRENCH DRAMA.

The melancholy blank in our own dramatic representations, enables us this week to bring up an arrear of the Parisian novelties, of which either their own want of importance, or the pressure of more interesting matter, has occasioned the postponement for the last three weeks. We are not surprised that the French critics complain of barrenness, since the following notices are the harvest of nearly a whole month's theatrical crops.

THEATRE DE LA PORTE SAINT MARTIN.

First Representation of L'Anneau de la Reine Berthe, ou les Femmes infidèles.

Impertinent title! impertinent ring! but the author is surely more impertinent than either his ring or his title! Faithless fair ones! Was ever such a thing heard of?—The Troubadour Alfred is an agreeable simpleton, who fancies that a generous astrologer has presented him with a ring which is too large for every lady who ———. He gains, it must be confessed, a pretty reputation among the fair-sex, on account of his four thousand six hundred and thirty-two unsuccessful trials. But his sin is at length converted into his punishment. He is indeed to try his ring on the finger of his in-

tended bride, who is maid of honour to the Countess of Thoulouse. The ring, however, becomes so large, that the lady might wear it as a necklace.

After a few adventures, which the author intended should be extremely entertaining, the Troubadour Alfred, and his companion Leon, are summoned before a court of love. The president orders him to try his ring on a little girl, four years of age. She must certainly be innocent, and yet the ring will not gird her little finger.

'Tis hard to say what severe sentence the female jury might have pronounced upon the Troubadours; but the culprits recollect having received from the astrologer a letter which would extricate them from every danger; this is certainly the moment to break the seal ———. They read, that the wicked astrologer thought them good subjects for a joke; and the chief portion of the audience seemed to entertain the same opinion.

If M. Montpellier, who brought this piece out at Lyons, had possessed a prophesying talisman, he would not most assuredly have sent it to Paris. Common-place language and worn-out ideas were not to be imposed on the audience for wit and gaiety. A certain part of the spectators in the pit, were, it is true, very enthusiastic in expressing their approbation; but these worthy gentlemen by no means formed the majority.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.

Le Petit Dragon.

This absurd and ridiculous subject has been produced at two theatres at the same time. The piece at the *Vaudeville*, though intrinsically wretched enough, is a masterpiece in comparison with that brought out at the *Variétés*, which is well worthy the tale of M. Bouilly, from which the piece is borrowed. But the difference between the actresses who personate the Little Dragoon at the two theatres, is still more remarkable than the comparative merit of the pieces. Madame Perrin represented with grace and sensibility a young girl educated by an old soldier, who could teach her nothing but what he himself knew. She painted most happily the shame and repentance which announced that the Little Dragoon would soon become a charming woman. We dare not say what *Madame Cuisot* represented.

THEATRE ROYAL ITALIEN.

Carolina e Filandro is a little posthumous opera, by Guecco, who is known as the composer of *La Prova di un'Opera seria*. This new production has not been completely successful. It attracted but an inconsiderable number of amateurs; and moreover the parts were not arranged in a way to excite the curiosity of the *Dilettanti*.

A beautiful air, sung with purity and taste by Mademoiselle Cinti was, however, admired, and loudly applauded. The finale of the first act is the best piece in the whole opera; it is by Fioravanti, who has treated the same subject with more talent than Guecco has done.

Several agreeable and fanciful melodies and rich accompaniments, which are inter-

spersed through the opera, cannot fail to excite regret for the loss of this young composer, who was snatched at too early an age from the Italian school.

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.

First Representation of La Clochette, ou Le Diable Page.

Though the little usually follow the example of the great, the contrary sometimes takes place, and we see the great humble themselves so far as to imitate the little. This happens because interest speaks more forcibly than pride. When our great Theatres saw that magic talismans attracted crowds to the theatres of the Boulevards, and poured showers of gold into their treasuries, they could not repress a little feeling of envy; and as the fairy's wand always belongs to those who know best how to use it, the two opera-houses did not disdain to borrow it, even from the *Gaité*, in the hope of experiencing its happy influence. They have presented the right of citizenship to Tozo, the owner of the *Wonderful Lamp*, on condition that he should assume, with his new name of *Asolin*, manners and language somewhat more noble than formerly.

In his journey from the Boulevard of the Temple to the Rue Feydeau, Monsieur Asolin has given his lamp in exchange for a bell. He would not perhaps have struck the bargain, had he reflected that a portable talisman is liable to be lost, and that serious inconveniences might arise from such an accident, when the power of this talisman depends only on the sound of a bell, which may be produced by the slightest motion.

We suspect indeed that the author advised him to make the exchange, merely to show how ungenerously he could extricate him from the embarrassment occasioned by the loss of his bell. We cannot blame him, for this stratagem constitutes the pleasantest scene in the whole opera, and the idea is not to be found in the oriental tale. The music of *La Clochette* is a production of M. Herold, the young composer to whom we are indebted for the charming opera of the *Rotures*. If we may judge of merit independently of success, we should observe that this second composition is more calculated to maintain than to add to his reputation. There are no passages of striking originality in the overture, and we could have wished for a more precise and characteristic expression in several of the songs.

What contributed most of all to the success of the piece, was a happy succession of incidents. The second act is better than the first, and the third is the best of the three. Madame Regnault merits our highest praises, which Madame Boulanger might have shared with her, had she thought fit to sing in tune.

The names of MM. Theaulon and Herold were proclaimed amidst the most unanimous applause.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.

First Representation of le Retour des Maris, ou La Suite du Comte Ory.

Le Comte Ory is such an agreeable little vaudeville, that there seems something like presumption in the idea of writing a sequel to

it: it is promising to be more gay, more spirited, and more witty than the author of the former piece, and such a promise cannot easily be fulfilled.

The author of the *Retour des Maris* has treated his subject too seriously. Count Ory is no longer the agreeable seducer; he is a lover caught in a trap, who avoids an affair of honour by a marriage.

The first piece was thought too short, and the second is complained of as being too long; which proves how difficult it is to please the public. The piece would, however, be sufficiently attractive, if the author would make a few sacrifices, in order to throw more importance into the comic characters of old *Bertrand*, and his wife *Dame Rogonde*. The name of M. Ledoux was announced after the representation.

THEATRE DE L'AMBIGU COMIQUE.

First representation of *Les Machabees*, or *La Prise de Jerusalem*.

About two thousand years ago, a King of Syria took a fancy to convert the whole Hebrew people to the Pagan faith. Finding that he could not convince them by reasoning, he resolved to persuade them by force of arms; he supported his arguments by a powerful army, and arrived, one fine day, in front of the walls of Jerusalem, which he burnt to the ground without hesitation. Having put eighty thousand inhabitants to the sword, for the better illustration of Olympian Jupiter, he murdered, by the most horrible tortures, seven brothers, who refused to submit to his laws, together with their mother, whose heroism is one of the finest traits in sacred history.

This subject has been successfully adapted to the stage, by M. M. *Cuvellier et Leopold*. Their piece is of the marvellous kind. The misfortunes of the Jewish *Niobé* have furnished them with several interesting situations, and the sack of Jerusalem has fortunately enabled them to employ the talent of M. *Daguerre*, a young painter, who has produced a scene to which we might in vain search for an equal, even at the Opera. The effect of the apotheosis in the fourth act, was perfectly magical.

Several well-arranged combats, and tasteful ballets, formed brilliant accessories to the success of the piece; and we must not omit to mention the music, the composition and arrangement of which does honor to *Amedee, Villeneuve, and Fresnoy*.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

So entirely does the great calamity which has befallen the nation engross all thoughts, that it almost seems as if the world's politics and news stood still with our feelings. They only absorb them.

On Wednesday, the 5th, the French session of the Chambers was opened by a speech from the throne; in our judgment the most questionable document which has yet received the sanction of the restored monarch. We have little regard for the treaties between France

and Rome; for to us it is of small import how the affairs of the church are regulated between the Pope and his Most Christian Majesty. But what concerns us more nearly is a distinct declaration that the convention which the king signed with the allies in 1815, is not only destitute of equity and moderation, but impossible to be fulfilled on the part of France. To give effect to this plain hint, something is said of the valour of Frenchmen, and the people who cannot fulfil their just engagements are prepared to make sacrifices to augment the budget of the war minister, throw the army ranks open to all the old soldiery, and renew the blessings of conscription, to secure the independence and dignity of France. The tone of this address is altogether of the least pleasing kind:—such as ill becomes France, and worse becomes her king. It is early indeed to throw the sword into the balance; we thought they had had enough of it.

The chambers have since their meeting been engaged in electing their secretaries, committees, &c.

By the foreign arrivals during the week, we learn that the amity between Spain and Portugal is in no danger of being interrupted; and the latest accounts from India also fully confirm our original statement on adverting to the circumstances of our Eastern Empire,—the cloud of war is already dispelled. There is a rumour of a misunderstanding between Spain and the United States; if the latter find it their interest to quarrel, there can be no want of an occasion. Some convocation of German students at Wartburg has been performing a sort of auto-da-fé on the anniversary of the battle of Leipsick: they prayed, walked in procession, dined, burnt some books, took the sacrament, and professed their love of German independence. Knowing nothing of the parties, seeing very different details of their conduct, and not understanding the precise meaning of new-fangled words, we can gather no more from this exhibition, but that these persons are dissatisfied with the existing state of things in Germany, and are advocates of some kind of reform.

At home, our journals are filled with the melancholy note of preparations for the funeral of the Princess Charlotte and her infant, on Wednesday next. Every thing indicates that the day will be voluntarily observed by the people as one of deep humiliation and sorrowing. Business will be suspended, and the places of public worship be open for the contrite mourners whose hearts this awful calamity has stricken as a memorable example of the

vanity of human grandeur, the uncertainty of human happiness.

The three wretches convicted of treason were on Friday executed at Derby, pursuant to their sentence.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington has returned to his head-quarters in France.

VARIETIES.

PARADISE, AN EASTERN TALE.

When Alexander had conquered the world, and penetrated into the remotest regions of India, he heard of Paradise, and determined to subdue that also. He was told that the river Nithebel led to it; and immediately ordered a fleet to be equipped to carry his troops thither, but previously dispatched a few vessels to procure information. When they had reached the garden of Paradise, his people found the gate shut, and before it an aged keeper of singular appearance, and with an extraordinary beard, whom they commanded to open the gate immediately for their master, as he was not far behind them. The hoary keeper smiled, and said he durst not admit him unless he could find means to weigh down a feather, which he herewith sent, when placed in the balance. The messenger was astonished, for he could not conceive how a small feather (since it was only a light downy feather) could have such weight, and concluded that the old man was jeering him. He nevertheless went and delivered the message. Alexander directed a balance to be brought, and it soon appeared that all the wood and stone, and silver and gold, that could be laid on the scale, was not sufficient to counterpoise this little feather, which made every thing that was brought fly quickly up. Alexander, astonished at this magical effect, sent once more to enquire what was the meaning of it. The man gravely answered, that the feather signified Alexander's cupidity and ambition, which were light as down, and yet so heavy that nothing could counterbalance them; but he would tell him how that feather might be outweighed. "Let," said he, "a handful of earth be laid upon it, and it will at once lose its extraordinary power." Alexander perceived the meaning, and was deeply dejected. Soon afterwards he died in Babylon, without having seen Paradise.

New Monthly Magazine.

DENMARK.—A valuable addition has just been made to the ancient Scandinavian literature, by the appearance of the first part of *Sturlunga Saga* edr, *Islandinga-saga hin mikla*; published by the Icelandic Society established at Copenhagen. This remarkable monument of ancient times gives a faithful and circumstantial description of the manners and opinions of the middle ages, as well as minute and authentic accounts of the civil wars of Iceland, to the latest period of the republic, and the first of the monarchy.

Hroor's Saga, an ancient northern romance, from the pen of *ORHLENSCHLAGER*, the most eminent dramatic writer of Denmark, is in the press. During his travels in Germany, last summer, he produced a new tragedy, entitled *Fostbrøderne* (the Confederates). When his *Hokon Jarl* was lately performed, part of the audience

sang the last stanza of a piece composed in his honor by the popular poet Degemann, after which the whole house, boxes, pit, and all, unanimously shouted *Long live Oehlschlager!*

Ibid.

Russia.—In the course of last year some schools were founded in the villages of the government of Irkutsk, in each of which from twenty to forty children are received. Many of the Yakuti and Buerati, send their children to these schools to learn the Russian language, and to acquire a knowledge of writing and accounts, that they may be capable of instructing other children.

In the peninsula of Kamtschatka, the natural small-pox carried off a pretty considerable number of persons annually: but a physician of the name of Malafejew, has attempted, with the happiest success, to diminish this evil. Being in 1814 at Ochotzk, he brought from thence by sea some various matter. He immediately inoculated 500 persons at the Port of St. Peter and St. Paul, as well grown persons as children, and afterwards sent matter to other parts of the peninsula. The Kamtschadales and Korakeans, now that they have seen the good effects of inoculation, willingly allow themselves and their children to be inoculated. M. Malafejew has taught the method of inoculating to some of the native Kamtschadales, in every Kamtschadale ostrog and village. He superintends all these operations, and those who distinguish themselves by their zeal and ability in inoculating, receive certificates of approbation. Hitherto about 3000 persons have been inoculated. The climate of Kamtschatka is in fact very healthy, and the original inhabitants of the peninsula frequently attain a very great age, without experiencing the debility which usually accompanies it. At Sposchnoje, for example, there lives a Kamtschadale woman of the name of Daria Slobodtschinowa, who at the age of 130 enjoys the undiminished use of all her faculties. The above-mentioned Doctor Malafejew found at Kirgamizkoi, a Kamtschadale, who was above 100 years old, and was able, without spectacles, to read the bible, which he explained to his brethren.

Last winter, on account of its mildness in the northern parts, may be placed among the number of rare phenomena. Thus at Tobolsk the thermometer was in the month of December never below five degrees, and many days the cold did not exceed two degrees. The oldest people in those parts do not remember to have ever experienced such a winter. The Dniester was already free from ice in February. At Nowosylkow, in the government of Tschernigow, the trees put forth leaves in March, and the streets and roads were so dry, that the dust rose in clouds. At Archangel the cold was only twice, during the whole winter, more than twenty-seven degrees. There were frequent intervals of thaw, and in the course of April the weather was so mild, that the heat was from twelve to fourteen degrees, and the thermometer was, in the sun, at twenty-five degrees. Lake Ladoga was this winter

frozen near the shores only, and not all over as usually happens. The lake in which the island of Oesel lies was not frozen at all; and a vessel arrived in the harbour of Aunsburg on the 14th of February, an instance of early arrival which is without parallel at that place.

The foreigners residing in Kamtschatka have begun to keep up, from the town of St. Peter and St. Paul, a private correspondence with England and America, which was not the case formerly.

THE FINE ARTS.—On the 29th ultimo, the King of France laid the foundation-stone for the grand Equestrian Statue of Henry IV., so long in preparation to be erected on the Pont-Neuf. On his Majesty's entrance into Paris, in 1814, a temporary statue of Henry was placed on the same site, and had a good effect: the present is a solid, and, as far as human foresight can go, intended for a lasting memorial. The former remained during the hundred days; and the king, alluding to this, ascribed its "protection to the love of the French people." His Majesty also approved greatly of the inscription on the exergue of a medal struck on the present occasion—"Pietas civium restituit."

A German naturalist, named Wertner, thinks he has discovered in light a power of extracting their caloric from bodies, and that by this theory he can make light serve for obtaining every species of congelation. It is to this action that the formation of ice and hail is attributed. Some German Journals think that Wertner's experiments are preparing a revolution in Physics and Chemistry.

ITALY.—In the ruins of Herculaneum there have lately been found loaves which were baked under the reign of Titus, and which still bear the baker's mark, indicating the quality of the flour, which was probably prescribed by regulation of the police. There have also been found utensils of bronze, which, instead of being tinned like ours, are well silvered. The ancients doubtless preferred this method as more wholesome and more durable.

The excavations at Pompeii continue to furnish the Royal Museum at Naples with all kinds of valuable objects. Some buildings have lately been discovered at Pompeii remarkable for the richness of their architecture. At Puzzoli some sepulchres have been found, which are stated to be magnificently adorned with sculpture of the finest kind.

A Mosaic Roman pavement, of considerable extent, and in fine preservation, has been discovered in the garden of J. Matthie, Esq. of High Wycombe, three feet below the surface. Langley, the historian of the Hundred of Desborough, mentions a similar discovery as having been made in the grounds of the Earl of Shelburne, in the same vicinity, about sixty years since.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

November 6—Thursday.

Thermometer from 44 to 55.

Barometer from 30, 14 to 30, 06.

Wind S. E. 3.—A thick fog in the morning, which went off gradually by noon; the rest of the day cloudy.

Friday, 7—Thermometer from 48 to 59.

Barometer from 29, 95 to 29, 76.

Wind S. E. 1.—Morning and noon clear, afternoon and evening cloudy, with rain in the evening.

Saturday, 8—Thermometer from 50 to 58.

Barometer from 29, 72 to 29, 62.

Wind S. b. E. 4.—Cloudy, with a few showers.—Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.

Sunday, 9—Thermometer from 45 to 53.

Barometer from 29, 86 to 30, 06.

Wind S. W. 1.—Generally clear till the evening, when it became a very thick fog.—Rain fallen, .125 of an inch.

Monday, 10—Thermometer from 42 to 57.

Barometer from 30, 13 to 30, 19.

Wind S. W. and S. 1.—Generally cloudy; just saw the sun about eleven for a short time.

Tuesday, 11—Thermometer from 45 to 54.

Barometer from 29, 94 to 29, 90.

Wind S. b. E. 1.—Morning and evening clear, noon and afternoon cloudy, with rain.

Wednesday, 12—Thermometer from 38 to 55.

Barometer from 29, 95 to 29, 78.

Wind S. E. 4.—Morning and noon cloudy, afternoon and evening clearer.—Rain fallen, .125 of an inch.

Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.

Longitude 3. 51. W.

JOHN ADAMS.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A prospectus has been published by Bettoni, of Padua, of a publication to be entitled, "*Vite e Ritratti di Cento nomani illustri.*" This extraordinary medley of the lives and portraits of great men is to comprise Alexander of Macedon, Alfred, Anacreon, Bacon, Boerhaave, Buffon, Charlemagne, Charles the Fifth, Camoens, Catherine II. (very masculine, no doubt, but now first classed as a great man! by this Italian bull) Cervantes, Julius Caesar, Euler, Euripides, Frederic II, Franklin, Harvey, Haydn, Homer, Hume, Kant, Kepler, Klopstock, Las Casas, Lavoisier, Leibnitz, Linnaeus, Maria Theresa, (another of the *nomani illustri!*) Mariborough, Milton, Trajan, Turenne, Virgil, Voltaire, Plato, Poussin, and as many more ancient and modern worthies as amount in all to eighty names. Twenty subjects are therefore yet to seek. The work is to be in five languages, Latin, Italian, French, English, and German.

The 3d and 4th Nos. of STEPHENS' GREEK THESAURUS are just published. Subscribers who have not yet received their Copies, and who have not acquainted the Proprietors with the medium through which they should be forwarded, are requested to apply for them.

Among the German publications lately brought under our notice, we may mention as worthy of notice, *Beschreibung, &c.* a description of a new machine to teach reading, invented by P. Z. Pochmann, Erlang, Palm; and *Natursgeschichte, &c.*—the Natural History and Anatomy of Amphibious Animals, by Tiedman, Oepel, and Liboschitz, at Heidelberg and Munich, of which the first books, in folio, have appeared.